

## BREAKING A BANK.

HOW THE JOB WAS DONE BY SKILFUL CHINESE CRACKSMEN.

Detailed Account of the Robbery at Dallas, Ore., an Express Agent's Work--A Humiliated Chinaman.

(Portland, Oregon.)

The robbery of the First National Bank of the Dalles, Ore., on the night of September 15, 1890, has proved to have been, in the cleverness of its execution and in the apparent escape of its perpetrators, one of the most memorable of similar undertakings in the Northwest.

Every day some new incident comes to light which adds interest to the long story of the crime and the steps that led up to the arrests which have already been made.

THE CASHIER'S DISCOVERY.

The First National Bank of the Dalles is located by P. P. Thompson, of Portland, as president; Vice-President, Schenck, and Cashier, H. M. Beall, of the Dalles. About 8 o'clock on the morning of September 15th, Mr. Beall, who was on duty, went into his bank, opened the combination of the vault and the two time-locks of the big safe which stood in the rear of it. On opening the cash compartment at the bottom of the safe he saw at once that something was wrong, for the stacks of gold were scattered about and the leather apartment pouch or bill holder was lying down in the lower left-hand corner. When he lifted this up he saw a small hole about the size of a man's hand in the back wall of the safe and an instant's survey of the money told him that the bank had been robbed. The directors were called in, the cash counted, and the discrepancy made good. No time was lost in putting the officers of the law on the alert. The safe was opened, and \$5,000 was offered. The money taken was \$8,400 in gold and about \$50 in currency. The bill-book evidently had fallen down in such a way as either to frustrate or effectually discourage the further work of the robbers, who thus missed \$8,000 of money and a book full of currency and valuable papers.

HOW THE CRIME WAS DONE.

The bank is located sixty feet from Washington street on Second. The workers, though the first work they did was under the crosswalk which crosses the alley, did not allow themselves to enter and depart from their place of operations at that point, but traversed a distance of about a block and a half along the sidewalk from First to Washington, then along Washington to the alley. They were thus enabled to get out the sidewalk, which is through out six feet above the ground, at a point which would afford them a ready means of escape. Once at the crosswalk, they tunneled under it, as the alley had been filled in to a level with the street, though the sidewalk runs on supports. Once through the alley they were between the crosswalk and the street, and the stone embankment of the street, and the stone wall of the furniture store, effectively screened from observation by the sidewalk over them. Here they loosened stones and effected an entrance under the furniture store. There is evidence that here they made an effort to reach the safe of the Pacific Express company, but apparently learning that they had miscalculated their location and were

STILL UNDER THE FURNITURE STORE, they left off this part of their work and crossed through into the basement of the express office, about midway between the safe and the rear wall. From this apartment they made their way through the stone wall in the rear of the building behind and the four-foot wall of the vault in front. This vault, a space, while in a measure protected from immediate assault from the vault from the rear wall, was an excellent harbor for the safe-crackers, where, unobserved, they could work at their leisure on the vault's wall. This they proceeded to do, and with much success. Having got inside the vault, they directly below a large horizontal shaft to the vault, which served to support the wall over their aperture. The safe was then reached in the course of time and three hours later, at night and in the early morning, after the work of drilling into the safe's corner. The safe was a very large one, and stood against the rear wall of the vault. No inspection, therefore, was made of the back of the vault and no warning was given to the express company. It was not until one or two mornings preceding the robbery, but was supposed to be sewer-gas. So the good work went on, and the steel wall of the safe gave way in time to sharper and harder drills than you can find in the shops at the Dalles.

AGENT HILL'S GOOD WORK.

As far as human eye can see the robbery would still be as mysterious as on the morning when Mr. Beall discovered it, if it had not been for the clever work of the agent of the Pacific Express Company, Mr. Frank N. Hill, who inspired by a love of justice, and also, it will not be unfair to suppose, by a desire for the \$5,000 reward, had been called in by the Dalles, Ore., and had been thinking up on all the time after the occurrence. So did everybody else, but seven days went by and the mystery was as deep as ever. The bank officials, from President Thompson down to the cashier, were all at a loss. The Dalles, Ore., was a quiet town, and the Dalles, Ore., was a quiet town, and the Dalles, Ore., was a quiet town.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

Some two hundred yards west of the depot at the Dalles stands a story-and-a-half Chinese wash-house. The trains have rumbled past it for fifteen years, and all that time observing passengers could see above its porch, in big black letters, "Wah Yune Kee." The road was plentifully furnished with red sign-boards, bespangled with gilt and legended with Chinese characters. Here, for seven years past, Ah Sin has done his laundry. With every changing owner the firm name was kept the same, to correspond with the sign over the porch. Ah Sin followed the custom, and was known in his laundry transactions as Wah Yune Kee. The laundry is now deserted. The door is locked, the windows all boarded up, and have been since last Tuesday, when Ah Sin, so far as appeared from his acts and conversation, had fired of the Dalles and wished to go to Spokane Falls. At the same time he had decided to ship his clothes to San Francisco, and, with the assistance of a fellow countryman, he corded up his trunk with about one hundred and fifty yards of clothes-line and carried it up to the Pacific Express office. It was about 6 o'clock in the morning, and it had not been for the Short Line's train being late, he would have had to wait an hour or two. As it was, however, Mr. Hill's driver returned about then from delivering the mail, and finding the Chinaman there, weighed the trunk for him and sent it away. Mr. Hill came to his office, and in response to Ah Sin's query: "How much he would go to San Francisco?" said that the trunk to put it into the scales. Ah Sin demurred, and did not want it weighed, as the driver had already done so. The trunk was found to weigh 155

## IMPOSING FUNERAL.

CAPTAIN R. C. M. WINGFIELD INTERRED WITH MILITARY HONORS.

Thorough Democratic Organization, and Republican Defection in the Norfolk County Temperance Meetings.

(Correspondence of the Richmond Dispatch.)

NORFOLK, October 17, 1890.

The funeral of Captain R. C. M. Wingfield took place this afternoon from Trinity church, Portsmouth, and was one of the most imposing that has taken place from Trinity for years. The Norfolk Light Artillery, Blue Division, and Pickett-Buchanan Camp Guard, and the church was thronged, and the church was thronged.

SIXTH ANNUAL SESSION.

The State Council of Virginia, Junior Order United American Mechanics, will assemble in Portsmouth on Monday next, for the sixth annual session. Twelve counties have been instituted during the year, and the report of the Secretary will show that the membership has been doubled.

THE DEMOCRATIC DISTRICT COMMITTEES.

Of Norfolk county have just been elected, and the party is thoroughly organized throughout the county. The greatest defection in the Republican ranks of any county in the district exists in Norfolk county, and though the Republicans have twelve hundred names on the Democratic list, they are very hopeful of winning next month in view of the division.

WOULD RATHER SEE LAWSON.

Many Republicans do not hesitate to say that if Judge Murdough cannot succeed they would rather see Lawson elected than Bowden. The District Committee has invited Congressman O'Ferrall to speak here, and if he accepts will arrange for a rousing mass-meeting.

MURPHY, the distinguished temperance apostle, will open a regular series of meetings in the Sam Jones tabernacle on Sunday afternoon, and a strong effort will be made to build up the Prohibition rank.

THE BELL-TOWER REVIVAL.

Virginia Division, Knights of Pythias, is to be reorganized in this city. There is quite a revival just now in Pythian circles in both Norfolk and Portsmouth. Seven thousand names were received in Norfolk yesterday, and 3,600 in Portsmouth, against 544 in the same day last year.

NAVY-YARD AFFAIRS.

Naval Constructor Bowles left for Washington last night, summoned in regard to material for the new ships. It is thought that after the election a very large force will be employed in the yard.

THE BELT-RIGHT COMPANY WILL SECURE their right of way around Norfolk and Portsmouth without going into court.

THE JEWISH SYNAGOGUE, on Church street, caught fire this morning, but the flames were extinguished before much damage resulted.

A FLAGMAN KILLED.

This afternoon a colored man named James Atkins, a flagman on the Norfolk and Western railroad, was run over and killed on Water street. He was on the rear car of a train which was being backed down, and a sudden jerk threw him off and the wheels passed over his chest, killing him instantly. The body was placed on the sidewalk in front of the Old Dominion Line's wharf until the morning, but in subsequent conversation with a railroad-man I learn that it was changed to avoid confusion, as there were several other flagmen. The change seems regrettable, but the explanation is satisfactory. On resuming the funeral, in which I had seen no Richmond papers, my eye fell upon Minneapolis, Russell county, Va. Now the dropping of the name noted above is comprehensible enough, but the duplication of the other, which is the inevitable result of confusion, as a matter of fact, and a disgraceful association of localities as a matter of sentiment, brought this subject of the recent baptism of new places to my mind, and hence these present notes. The fact is that this matter of nomenclature is too lightly thought of and done in too haphazard a manner. Some years ago the Postmaster-General complained of the endless duplication of names and the trouble which it caused in his department, and the French manner of calling streets daily in almost every town. But there is another—the sentimental it may be called, and sentimentality always and everywhere has swayed men more than practical. The Bible says: "And when they children shall ask the name of this place thou shalt say"—thus and so, because, and then the special association. This custom has so much fallen out of fashion that it seems queer to us. There is no question of its value, for the authorities know that all such things help to keep up the fervent patriotism of our streets and parks. Much of our history is preserved in the names of our streets. They go further and give to them the names of great men of other nations—there is a Washington street and a Kubens street.

IN THIS COUNTRY we seem to have given no thought to it, so far as the cities are concerned, and here in Richmond we see the everlasting duplication of Philadelphia pines and laurels, of the Washington avenues, and of riversides and river views all over the United States, as if we had no great Virginia names to keep our history fresh forever, no sweet-sounding aboriginal titles for parks and burial-places, no historic events to perpetuate for our children. It seems to me that there ought to be a revision of our street and park names before it is too late, and so far as the streets are concerned, at least the names of the largest original land-owner of the present given to them. It has been urged that this would make confusion in the title of property, but the street names of our city have been changed within the memory of hundreds now living and no trouble has resulted, and recently we have seen the titles of towns in Virginia changed. It seems to me that the committee which has the naming of our streets and parks should be charged to have some rule—say, for the streets the names of mayors and other distinguished citizens; the parks, old plantation or historic State names; the cemeteries, some scriptural title of something peculiar to the locality, if not too commonplace, and especially to avoid duplication of other places.

ENTIRELY PHILANTHROPIST.

(Greenleaf, W. Va.) Independent.

The Republican party fairly raised upon its dew-claws and howled because of the importation of cheap Chinese labor into California to compete with the white labor of that State, yet it is a philanthropic move to dump a few thousand ignorant negroes from North Carolina into our midst to compete with the already underpaid white and colored labor of this State.

REHABILITATION AND NEURALGIC AFFECTIONS.

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he did it with some manifestation of deference on his part for the wounded sensibilities of the southern people; but Republican partisans applauded the act with rancor and bitterness. Now, however, the Federal act, which could not be made to do honor to the memory of the patriot who fought under it and bled for it upon the plains of Mexico, is at half-mast for William Worth Belknap, who was driven in utter disgrace from the position in which Jefferson Davis won renown, and who only escaped the penalty usually visited upon a commander-in-chief through the mischievous action of President Grant. What a contrast! And how impartial history will eulogize the truth upon its pages to the glory and exaltation of the fallen chief and to the everlasting shame and obloquy of those who to-day pay tribute to a thief, having rejected a patriot for an honest man! We quote from the expressed opinion of the Philadelphia Telegraph, that to place the War Department in mourning for thirty days in honor of such a commander is a grave mistake, and that the youth of the land that is to be a public thief is no dishonor; it is to set the seal of approval upon public misdeeds; it is to present an object lesson of moral and political degradation that will be a lasting disgrace to the entire country.

STANTON.

(Valley View.)

The City of Hills is beginning to feel the impulse of the active business spirit that is pervading the State. Real estate, the barometer of all substantial conditions, is advancing in price, and when good property is placed on the market it is speedily purchased at high prices. A healthy and confident tone is being infused into the community. The various improvement companies, however, are not as pushing and progressive as some of the new projects that have been inaugurated and resulted in success. Yet there is a reason for this. Well founded or not, but many are well founded and are inspired by traditions; and until they are shaken up by an earthquake they rarely are sufficiently awake to realize what the world is doing outside. Crystallized custom and tradition are hard to break. Several large-scale tilt-hammers, with several horse-power force, are necessary for the work. But when they are broken the new light that floods in reveals latent powers and ideas that were not before. It is only then that the croakers and dreamers begin to move to one side. As long as their solemn talks and dolorous refrains find willing listeners on the street corners and on store-fronts they will grate and clamor and follow the "cray bones." "What is the country coming to?" "We will have a terrible crash in six months." "The country will be ruined," and all sorts of evils fall upon the people they say, because the new order of things is going on. But when the young men come to the front and with scarcely anything but their grit and snap determine that they are going to take their stand with the new order of things; intend to break the idols of old custom and attempt to inaugurate a new dispensation to worship at the shrine of progress and proclaim that Virginia must arouse to the wonderful natural advantages they possess and dead wealth they own, there will be something done not put down in the musty records of the "good old times."

STANTON.

Stanton is about approaching that condition. The improvement companies, it is true, are moving on very conservative lines, but they are moving nevertheless. They are laying their foundations on a healthy bound forward, and it will not be long before the old dry bones will begin to rattle, a fresh dawn will beam upon them, and progress will be marked upon every door-lintel and every sign-board.

WE HAVE every advantage that a town could desire. We have railroad facilities of the best order, reaching to every section of the country. We have all modern improvements for the comfort and convenience of the people, such as street lighting, electric lights, water-works, paid fire department, the best schools in the country, churches, etc. We have sites for manufactures, conveniently related to two trunk lines of railroads, and every essential to encourage and support industrial plants at the gateway to the South—the most inviting market in the Union.

GEORGE W. VANDERBILT.

Arrival of the Millionaire and Brother at His Biltmore Residence. (Special telegram to the Dispatch.)

ASHVILLE, N. C., October 17.—George W. Vanderbilt, who arrived at Biltmore with him his private car, Mr. Vanderbilt, his brother, William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., architect, Mr. Olmstead, landscape architect, and Mr. Barnett, farming supervisor. Mr. Vanderbilt will remain on his estate several days.

SESSION CLOSED.

The session of the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance of North Carolina closed last night. Almost all the delegates present were from west of the Blue Ridge. All the officers elected were from this and adjoining counties.

TO BE OVERCOME.

The interruption to the telephone system here by the electric street cars will be overcome by the telephone company by the placing at once of a ground wire.

REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE.

BY

100 LOTS FOR SALE.

THE HIGHLAND-PARK COMPANY.

THE HIGHLAND-PARK COMPANY, who own the most beautiful suburban property near Richmond, have succeeded so admirably in their sale of lots and stock that they are now prepared to enter into contracts for the

CONSTRUCTION OF THEIR STREET-CAR LINE

AND A

SYSTEM OF ELECTRIC LIGHTS.

THIS BRIDGE OR VIADUCT

is to be completed by the 1st day of MARCH, and the grading for the STREET-CAR LINE will be commenced inside of FIFTEEN (15) DAYS. It is also proposed to BUILD A DEPOT at an early date at the point where our Street-Car line touches the Chesapeake and Ohio railway.

This liberal expenditure of money is now bringing into prominence

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL BUILDING LAND IN OUR SUBURBS.

ABOUT ONE HUNDRED LOTS

are still offered for sale at prices that insure large profits to investors. Those wishing to make safe and profitable investments should do so before a further advance in prices. Apply to

SUTTON & CO., Real Estate Agents, 1014 Main street.

N. V. RANDOLPH, President.

FRANK MOSBY, Secretary and Treasurer.

## MR. BOWSER'S POEM.

IT PROVES TO BE A DIRGE FOR THE MEMBERS OF THE YEAR.

Great Mental Concentration—It Calls Out an Offer from the Inventor of a Cure for Consumption.

(Detroit Free Press.)

I had had a secret from Mr. Bowser for fully six weeks and the fact so weighed on my conscience that when he came home the other evening I handed him a newspaper and remarked: "Mr. Bowser, will you do me the honor to read that little poem?" "Who is it to?" he asked.

"Read it."

He read it and pronounced it a little gem, and then I was weak enough to tell him I was the author. "Oh! you are, eh? That accounts for it."

"For what?"

"For the rhyme-pamby style, the wildness of the nomenclature, and the highly-piglety way in which it reads."

"Then you don't like it?"

"Humph! You'd better stick to housework."

Everybody else says it's good. I have also written several little stories which have been pronounced first-class. "Then they lied to you."

"Perhaps they did, but I don't think so. May be you could do better?"

"Maybe! I know I could! The only reason I haven't made a name in the literary world is because I've been too busy with real-estate matters. I was just thinking as I came home this evening that I'd dash off something as a starter."

"Well, I hope you'll succeed."

"Succeed! What are you talking about? Do you imagine I can't write a poem?"

"I hope you can."

A STUDIED EFFORT.

He turned away in disgust, and after supper he went into the library, closed the folding-doors, and sat down to work. I carefully pulled one of the doors open until I could see him. He got out pen, ink, and paper briskly enough, but then came a sudden pause. He scratched his head, crossed his ear, toyed with the pen, and it was a good half-hour before he got a name for his poem.

"Mr. Bowser!" I called from the other side of the door, "have you got it finished?"

"Finished! I haven't been here two minutes yet. I don't propose to write trash."

It was just twenty-five minutes by the sitting-room clock before he began, on the first line after selecting the title, and when he came out at 10 o'clock he had only three lines finished. These he had copied and recopied a dozen different times.

"Through?" I queried as he appeared.

"Mighty anxious, aren't you?" he asked. "You may see my effort when it is in print, but not before."

For the next six evenings Mr. Bowser was closeted with himself and that poem. Then, as I knew by his general demeanor, his work was finished. I crept down stairs after the twilight, and found it in the dark, all ready for mailing. The first verse ran as follows:

"The leaf is falling—the wind is sobbing.

And the autumn is at hand so dreary and forlorn.

And the members of the dying year must remind all of us

That everything dies—everything that was ever born."

There were eleven other verses, all of the same piece of goods, and covered an inch deep with the embers of the dying year. I crept back to bed to find Mr. Bowser resting on his back and wearing a sweet smile of confidence and satisfaction. Next morning I carefully inquired:

"Don't you want me to look over that poem with you before you send it off?"

"What for?"

"Perhaps I could suggest some changes for the better."

"You improve my poems! Well, if that isn't assurance! I wouldn't be so conceited as you are for a ton of gold."

"But my literary efforts have been published and are well spoken of."

"Sense? The editor knew you were my wife, and your friends dare not condemn you to your face. Drop it, Mrs. Bowser—drop it and decorate jugs and crock."

AN OFFER FOR THE POEM.

I didn't say any more, but watched every issue of the paper I knew he would send it to. He also did the same, but very slyly. After about a week I observed:

"Has your poem appeared yet, Mr. Bowser?"

"I think not, I have neither received a bundle of copies of the issue containing it, nor had a letter from the editor. I don't look for it under another week. I presume the editor took it home to read to his family, and it may now be passing around among the literati."

"Suppose it should be rejected?"

"What's that?" he exclaimed, leaping out of his chair and dancing around.

"I don't want to reject my pure gold!" Mrs. Bowser, you have some queer ideas—very queer."

"In case it is not published I hope you—"

"But it will be published!"

I said no more, and he turned to his paper. Half an hour later there was a ring at the bell, and Mr. Bowser went to answer it and admitted a strange man. The stranger man handed Mr. Bowser a letter from the editor of the paper to which he had sent the poem. I got hold of only about half of it. It introduced Mr. Bowser as all right, and advised Mr. Bowser to close with his offer.

"What is the offer?" Mr. Bowser asked.

"Well, you know I manufacture a cough balsam?"

"H'm."

"It will cure consumption in the earlier stages."

"Yes."

"The best season for my balsam is in the fall. I want to begin advertising it next week and I want to start off with something good."

"What have I got to do with your cough balsam?" demanded Mr. Bowser in a lofty way.

"Why, I came to make you an offer for it."

"What is it?"

"The poem you sent to the Daily News. Doesn't the editor advise you to close with me?"

"Do you—you mean that you want my poem to advertise your infernal old patent swash?" gasped Mr. Bowser.

"Yes, my cough-syrup beats your poem!" replied the stranger.

"Get out of my house!"

"One too glad to!"